Charles Laceille Gifford

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM
MASSACHUSETTS

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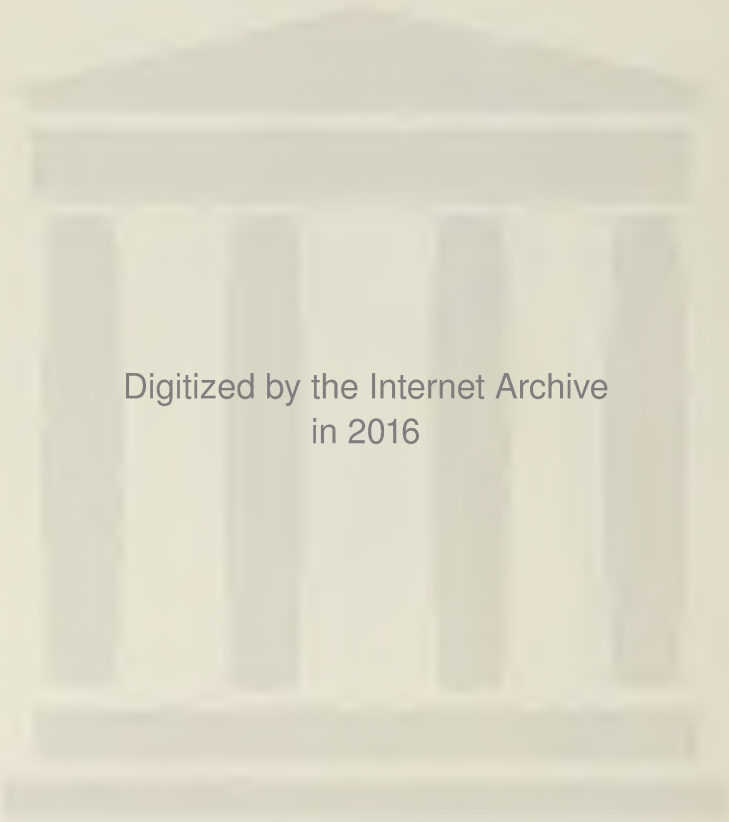
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Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Charles Laceille Gifford

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM
MASSACHUSETTS

U.S.
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Eighteth Congress
Second Session

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Biography

CHARLES LACEILLE GIFFORD was born in Cotuit, Barnstable County, Mass., March 15, 1871; attended the common schools; taught school in Massachusetts and Connecticut from 1890 to 1900; engaged in the real-estate business in 1900 on Cape Cod and later became interested in the propagation of oysters and the raising of cranberries; member of the State house of representatives in 1912 and 1913; served in the State senate 1914–19; elected as a Republican to the Sixty-seventh Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Joseph Walsh and on the same day was elected to the Sixty-eighth Congress; reelected to the Sixty-ninth and to the 11 succeeding Congresses and served from November 7, 1922, until his death at Cotuit, Mass., August 23, 1947; interment in Mosswood Cemetery.

In the House of Representatives

MONDAY, *March 15, 1948.*

Mr. LECOMPTE. Mr. Speaker, by direction of the Committee on Accounts, I call up a privileged resolution (H. Res. 502) and ask for its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That on Monday, the 17th day of May 1948, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on House Administration under the provisions of clause (1) (j) (2) (C) of rule XI of the Rules of the House of Representatives. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave for 60 legislative days to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record on the life, character, and public service of deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings, the Speaker shall call the House to order and then as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Eightieth Congress
Second Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:30 to 12)
United States Navy Orchestra

Presiding officer----------The Speaker, Hon. Joseph W. Martin, Jr.

Invocation----------The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

Solo: Lead, Kindly Light (Dykes)----------Hon. J. Percy Priest
Representative from the State of Tennessee
At the piano-----Musician John Wigent

Scripture reading and prayer----------The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence.

Address----------Hon. Everett Dirksen
Representative from the State of Illinois

Solo: Going Down the Valley (Fillmore)-------Hon. Harve Tibbott
Representative from the State of Pennsylvania
At the piano-----Musician John Wigent

Address----------Hon. Ray J. Madden
Representative from the State of Indiana

Taps----------Musician Frank Scimonelli

Benediction----------The Chaplain

Charles Laceille Gifford

Memorial Services

MONDAY, *May 17, 1948.*

The SPEAKER of the House of Representatives (Mr. Martin) presided.

The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery:

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hast formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God. For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us. Amen.

Mr. BISHOP. Mr. Speaker, we have again been saddened since the printing of the program for the memorial exercises today by the passing of our distinguished colleague in the other Chamber, the Honorable JOHN OVERTON, of Louisiana. As you know, the flags are still at half-mast in his memory.

In deference to the wishes of the members of his family, the paying of tribute to him is being deferred until this occasion a year hence, when it is hoped they can be with us.

Hon. J. PERCY PRIEST, accompanied by Musician John Wigent, sang Lead, Kindly Light.

The Chaplain:

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

I falter where I firmly trod,
And, falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Eternal God, our Father, Thou who art ever present to guide and to comfort, increase the faith and hopes which we feel in the temples of our souls. By these tokens grant that at the last we may merit the "Well done, good and faithful servant." We thank Thee for the voice that comes across the centuries to the hearts of all in sorrow: "Be of good cheer." Be Thou the bread of life for our hunger and the water of life for our thirst. Thy servants whom we remember today rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, but they are at peace. Vouchsafe unto us the peace and rest which flow from Thy holy presence. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Our Father which are in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Mr. BISHOP. Mr. Speaker, at this time I should like to read a fitting memorial entitled "The Other Unknown Soldier" by Stanley Kimmel.

THE OTHER UNKNOWN SOLDIER

(By Stanley Kimmel)

Move over, Buddy—
Yeah, it's me, the other unknown soldier.
You didn't think I'd get here, did you?
But I made it.
Yeah, it took a long time,
But I made it.
Say, Buddy, how is it out here,
Out here in Arlington?
Yeah, I been here before,
But not like this.
I was a kid,
My folks brought me to see you.
It was summer,
June, I think;
There was trees and flowers,
And a clear sky—
Just like today, Buddy.
We'd come to Washington,
From a small town out West,
To see the sights;
My folks never travel'd much,
Too poor—
Guess it was the only trip
They ever took.
But me! I'm like you, Buddy,
I been places! Seen things!
I was at Kasserine Pass, Sicily, Anzio, Cassino,

Then Normandy beach head, the Battle of the Hedgerows, and St. Lo,
Yeah, and the Battle of the Bulge, and the Ardennes.
I was at Owen Stanley Mountains, too,
Then Buna, Attu, the Solomons, and Saipan,
Yeah, and Iwo Jima, Okinawa, Leyte, Luzon—
Sure—I'll skip it—
Didn't mean to disturb you,
Talkin' like this.

* * * * *

Listen! Them's footsteps, ain't they?
Some other folks bringin' their kid to see us.
Hope we never have to make room for him.
Sure—I'll skip it—
Didn't mean to disturb you—
Ain't crowdin' you, am I, Buddy?

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Alney E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House of Representatives, read the following roll:

THEODORE GILMORE BILBO, a Senator from the State of Mississippi: Born October 13, 1877; teacher; farmer; lawyer; attended Peabody College at Nashville, Tenn., Vanderbilt University, and the University of Michigan; member of the State senate, 1908–12; Lieutenant Governor, 1912–16; Governor, 1916–20 and 1928–32; elected to the United States Senate in 1934, 1940, and 1946; died August 21, 1947.

FRED BRADLEY, Eleventh Congressional District of Michigan: Born April 12, 1898; lawyer, businessman, legislator; elected to the Sixty-sixth and four succeeding Congresses; died May 24, 1947.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON MANSFIELD, Ninth Congressional District of Texas: Born February 9, 1861; farmer, lawyer, editor; organized and served as second lieutenant, first lieutenant, and captain in the National Guard of Texas, 1886; prosecuting attorney, mayor, Eagle Lake, Tex., 1888–89; prosecuting attorney, Colorado County, 1892–96; ex officio county superintendent of schools, 1896–1900; judge, Colorado County, 1896–1916; elected to the Sixty-fifth and 15 succeeding Congresses; died July 12, 1947.

CHARLES L. GIFFORD, Ninth Congressional District of Massachusetts: Born March 15, 1871; teacher, realtor, agriculturalist; member State house of representatives, 1912–13; State senator, 1914–19; elected to the Seventieth and 10 succeeding Congresses; died August 23, 1947.

RAYMOND SMILEY SPRINGER, Tenth Congressional District of Indiana: Born April 26, 1882; lawyer, judge; attended Earlham College, Richmond, Ind., and Butler University; graduated from the Indiana Law School in 1904; attorney Fayette County, 1908–14; judge of the thirty-seventh judicial circuit of Indiana, 1916–22; captain of infantry in First World War, 1918; lieutenant colonel, Officers Reserve Corps; elected to the Seventy-sixth and four succeeding Congresses; died August 28, 1947.

PATRICK HENRY DREWRY, Fourth Congressional District of Virginia: Born May 24, 1875; lawyer, banker; attended McCabe's University School, Randolph-Macon College, and the University of Virginia; member of the State senate, 1912–20; delegate to the Democratic State conventions, 1912, 1916, 1920, and 1924; delegate to the Democratic National Convention, 1916; chairman of the Economy and Efficiency Commission of Virginia, 1916–18; chairman of the State advisory board, 1919; member of the Democratic National Congressional Committee, 1923–47, and chairman, 1935–47; ranking member, Committee on Naval Affairs and ranking minority member, Committee on Armed Services; elected to the Sixty-sixth and 14 succeeding Congresses; died December 21, 1947.

JOHN MARSHALL ROBSION, Ninth Congressional District of Kentucky: Born January 2, 1875; teacher, lawyer, banker; attended National Northern University, Ada, Ohio, and Holbrook College, Knoxville, Tenn.; graduated from the National Normal University, Lebanon, Ohio, and Centre College, Danville, Ky.; delegate to the Republican National Convention at Chicago, 1916; elected to the Sixty-sixth and five succeeding Congresses; Member of the United States Senate, under appointment, from January 9, 1930, to November 30, 1930; again elected to the Seventy-fourth and six succeeding Congresses; died February 17, 1948.

ORVILLE ZIMMERMAN, Tenth Congressional District of Missouri: Born December 31, 1880; lawyer; attended Mayfield-Smith Academy at Marble Hill; graduated from State College at Cape Girardeau, 1904, and from the University of Missouri, 1911; served in the United States Army as a private during the First World War; member board of regents, State College, Cape Girardeau, Mo., since 1933; elected to the Seventy-fourth and five succeeding Congresses; died April 7, 1948.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, and aided by Edward H. Funston III, a page of the House of Representa-

tives, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

There followed a period of devotional silence, during which the Members stood.

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Dirksen].

ADDRESS OF HON. EVERETT M. DIRKSEN

Mr. DIRKSEN. Mr. Speaker, this is very peculiarly our own day. It is our day for personal communion with those who but a short while before were with us in the confraternity of public service.

This is the day on which we pay gracious testimony and loving tribute to those who are now gathered in the democracy of death and who were with us a short while ago. If they could come into the doors of the Chamber this day with what warmth and affection we would greet them.

There would be Senator BILBO and FRED BRADLEY, Judge MANSFIELD and CHARLIE GIFFORD, RAY SPRINGER and PAT DREWRY, Uncle JOHN ROBSION and ORV ZIMMERMAN, whom we more affectionately called ZIM. Somehow there is a strange selectivity in the democracy of transition for no two of those who have departed from us come from the same State. If I were to characterize each by a single word I would say of Senator BILBO that he was a man of deep and abiding conviction; of JOHN OVERTON I would say that in his great heart was a rich and complete devotion; of FRED BRADLEY I would say there was determination and moral robustness; of Judge MANSFIELD I would say that there was about him a spiritual grace which radiated like a strange and lifting aura in all the years that I knew him; of CHARLIE GIFFORD I would say that in his capacious heart was a love so great that it matched the waves of the Atlantic which beat upon the shores of his native Cape Cod. In the heart and in the manner of RAY SPRINGER was meekness and humility that shone as an iridescent light.

PAT DREWRY was a living exemplification of Browning's fascinating lines devoted to sweetness and light. Of ORV ZIMMERMAN it could be said that in his heart was an exuberant hope for this country and his fellow men which was lustrous like June sunshine. Of Uncle JOHN ROBSION, I could always detect a fundamental faith as rugged and redoubtable as the hills of his native Kentucky.

And so in this intensely personal communion today we shall live with them intimately again and take thought and inspiration from their divine personalities that will continue to linger long in this Chamber.

While the spirit of remembrance and the mood of memory is upon us, I think today of a very simple and entrancing story in the Scripture. It is the story of an obscure and nameless woman who brought an alabaster box of precious ointment with which to anoint the Master. To me it is so simple, so compelling, and so appropriate for this occasion.

I am sure you will remember that the Man of Galilee was going to go to the home of Simon the leper in the village of Bethany for a visit and for a meal. How strange that seems to us. Who among us would think of going to the house of a leper to dine and to visit? But Jesus did so and, as I said, Simon the leper lived in Bethany.

It was my privilege to visit the village of Bethany in 1945. What a memorable and historic place it really is. You will recall that Lazarus lived there together with his sisters Mary and Martha. It was on the roadway which leads from Bethany that Martha encountered the Master and from a heavy heart and a disconcert of spirit complained of the fact that Mary had not made the household ready for the coming of the Galilean. And after He had listened patiently to her He said so humbly, "But one thing is needful." And that, of course, was the need of the spirit. It was in this selfsame village then of Bethany where Simon lived, and while he and the Master were at meat, as the Scripture records, there came this unbidden guest. It was a woman. The only char-

acterization we have of her is that she was a sinner. We know little else about her.

Was she tall and stately or was she, perhaps, short statured and robust? We do not know, for the Gospels are silent on this. Did she wear fashionable raiment or was she dressed in ordinary clothing? This we do not know. Did she have dark, lustrous hair and black snapping eyes? Or did she have golden hair which caught the sunshine of the desert? Did she have blue sparkling eyes like those colorful little flowers that grow in profusion on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho? Was her voice harsh or was it soft and melodious? All this we do not know. The records says she was a sinner.

And how simply she came to where the Master was visiting with the leper. There were no press conferences, no press releases, no society column, no eloquent speeches. The record simply says that she came.

How simple it all is. It is so much like the approach in the story of the Good Samaritan who found a man wounded and groaning by the roadside and when the Good Samaritan heard his cry of distress the Scripture says, "He came where he was." It was so simple and so forthright. The coming of the nameless woman to the Master was equally simple.

She brought with her an alabaster box of precious ointment. She stood behind the Man of Galilee, who was doubtless sitting or kneeling at His repast. It was the posture of humility. She washed His feet with her tears. She dried them with her tresses and then from the alabaster box she took the precious ointment of spikenard and anointed Him. I presume we would call it perfume.

There was no conversation. There was no record. There were no remarks to be examined. We have only the record of this simple and humble ministration.

The disciples were there. The Book says they were indignant. I can well imagine that scene. I can particularly imagine Peter, who must have been there, frowning. He was such a sturdy and forthright soul and so practical. The

anointing of the Master with precious perfume offended the practical sense of the disciples. Quickly they translated it into an equation of their own. This ointment might well bring 300 pence and the money could be used for alms and for charity.

That argument has such a familiar ring today. How often have Members of this body been chided, especially during wartime, for going abroad to inspect the progresses of our arms and to observe conditions the better to discharge their responsibilities. How often we were confronted with the argument that the gasoline and the expenses involved might have been put to better and more useful purpose. It was the very kind of an argument that the disciples used long ago as they saw the ministrations of this humble woman.

The Master must have listened earnestly to the argument and to the conversation and then, with simplicity and logic which is like majesty itself, He suddenly said, "Why trouble ye this woman. She hath wrought a good work upon me."

How simple, how compelling, how persuasive that was. He simply said, "She hath wrought a good work upon me." A little later He then said the things that have such rich appeal on this memorial occasion. Very simply did He say that what she had done would be told as a memorial unto her wherever the gospel might be preached.

How simple and compelling is this story because it is the unadorned story of a kindly deed, a very humble service; and there is the promise that it would be a memorial and would reecho down the corridors of time until the end of earth as a memorial to an obscure unnamed woman.

As I think of our departed colleagues today who are gathered in the endless land of dreamless sleep, they, too, brought to their task here an alabaster box of precious ointment consisting of their talent, their love, their affection and devotion, and their abiding desire to serve their people, their colleagues, and their country.

They brought with them the perfume of humble service and these are the services that will live to adorn and to enshrine their memories.

The speeches which we make so quickly, die upon the vesper breeze. The votes on which we and they are recorded will soon be forgotten. It is the human, the humane and kindly little services which are unherald, unsung, and unacclaimed which will be so long remembered on the tablets of the mind and the heart.

There is an amazing immortality about a kindly service, a good deed, a humble ministration. In all parts of the land there will be people who will long remember them for these little things which may seem unimportant to us in the hurly-burly of a controversial atmosphere.

How many veterans they must have helped not only in the recent conflict but in World War I in securing expeditious hospitalization. For this there are no headlines. How many refugees in the old countries and the kinfolks of those refugees in this country they must have helped in securing visas that they might be lifted from the tyrannies of the Old World. For this there is no acclaim. How many aged and indigent persons back home they must have helped and to whom they provided comfort in endeavoring to secure more adequate pensions and assistance. The song of unuttered joy for this will be written on gracious human hearts. How many snarls they must have untangled where folks back home were having difficulty with railroad retirement pensions and social-security benefits. How many fathers and mothers they must have helped in finding the last resting place of some son enshrined in glory on some far-off battlefield. How many fathers and mothers, wives and sweethearts they must have aided in locating kin somewhere abroad in this huge world. How many businessmen they must have helped in finding their way through the labyrinth of a bewildering government. All these and a thousand more are the humble services which marked each day of their service in this body.

And because these were the human and humane things they appeal to the heart and will be long remembered. The letters which they have written over the years by the hundreds to bring comfort and reassurance to humble people back home will be passed from hand to hand long after they have departed. These will bring strange luster to the countenance of people as they show these letters and say, "I got a letter from my Congressman." Yes, these are the things that will live long and be enshrined upon the pulsing tablets of love and memory.

Let us go back for a moment to what the Master said to the disciples when they showed their indignation of the ministrations of this unnamed woman sinner. He said simply, "She hath wrought a good work upon Me." It was objective. It was somebody to somebody. It is the important thing in this compelling story. It is the mark of real service.

Their services were so intensely objective because they were rendered to people, to us, to country, to humble folks who looked upon them as their liaison agents with the Government.

As I think of this quality of objectivity a number of favorite examples come to mind.

One of my favorite characters, who was rather contemporary because he passed on only 30 years ago, was Maj. Gen. William Crawford Gorgas of the United States Army. He was one of that little group who, back in the days when the construction of the Panama Canal was in progress, was persuaded that the Canal could not be built unless yellow fever and malaria were first conquered. So insistent was he in his viewpoint that it offended the construction superintendent on the Canal and he insisted on the dismissal of Gorgas. The letter of dismissal was already on the desk of the President of the United States but wiser counsels prevailed and it was never consummated. William Crawford Gorgas continued to serve until the malarial-bearing mosquito and yellow fever had been conquered. How little we hear about it. How little

acclaim he really received, and yet it was this humble service which had so much to do with the completion of a Federal project for the linking of two great oceans.

The services of General Gorgas did not stop here. He served the people of Peru and other South American countries in conquering plagues and increasing longevity. Even as age was coming upon him he went to The Rand in far-off Africa to subdue the influenza germ. It is no wonder that when he died in London in 1919 a vast concourse of people lined the streets on the occasion of the memorial parade in his honor and when the riderless white horse went by they bowed in reverence and respect to the memory of a truly noble man whose nobility consisted of humble service for the welfare of all mankind.

Some years ago I saw a six-line squib in one of the Washington newspapers announcing the death of Dr. Joseph Goldberger. Perhaps it meant little to many people, but it meant a great deal to me, because I had followed the career of this seemingly obscure man, who was a member of the staff of the United States Public Health Service. It was he who was assigned to explore and find the remedy for that dreaded disease known as pellagra, which had invaded the Southland and not only had taken a great toll of life but enervated and devitalized thousands of people so that they could not carry on their normal pursuits. It was to this problem that Dr. Joseph Goldberger addressed himself. The record of his service is thrilling and dramatic even though it appears so commonplace. He visited hospitals and asylums, orphanages and prison schools, and groups in his relentless pursuit of this awful disease. He imperiled his own life freely and willingly in order to find the cause.

The record shows him in a pullman car at Spartanburg, S. C., consuming capsules made from the offal of persons in the last stages of pellagra. He made capsules of the scales which came from their gaunt and haggard bodies to test the effect upon himself. At long last he found the cause. It was

a vitamin deficiency, and from this a remedy was soon prescribed. There were no headlines for Joseph Goldberger, no gilded books were written about him. There were no demonstrations to acclaim him. His was the humble service of the commonplace, but gratitude for that service will ring down the vistas of time and come as a song of joy from the hearts of the afflicted. He received but six lines in the current press when the soul took flight.

I think also of the humble service rendered by a New Hampshire soldier during the Civil War whose name is unknown to me. Evidently he must have enjoyed a furlough and when he returned to the hills of his native New Hampshire he had time to fashion his own tombstone, possibly because of a premonition of death. On one side of that stone were carved the essential vital statistics and on the other side this self-written epitaph, "This side of my tombstone I dedicate to freedom and union. May they survive and endure forever." Here was a man rendering humble service to this country in an hour of crisis and it will be remembered into the eternity.

Yes; there was objectivity about their service here and it so well illustrates that simple but compelling sentiment which the Master uttered when He said, "She hath wrought a good work upon Me."

They have wrought a good work upon us, upon their kinsmen and their constituency, upon their country and the world. They have wrought a good work and it will be remembered.

The intimate and personal character of this memorial service today is possible because it is the remembrance of the living to those who are now gone. It would fail in its purpose if it did not quicken our spirits. It must enrich us and do something for our own perspective, our behavior, and our viewpoint. What then shall we draw from it all as we stand on the very shadow of their lingering spirits and enjoy the communion of memorial fellowship with them?

Is it not possible that we too—all of us—have come here with our alabaster box of precious ointment consisting of

the talents with which we have been endowed, the love which we bear for our fellowmen, the interest which we have in world welfare and the devotion which we entertain for this our blessed country to be used for the enhancement and progress of our country and the restoration of peace of mind and tranquillity of soul to a restive and tumultuous world?

This perfume of talent we can use if we will to soften the asperities and the severities of life, to modify the hates with which we are often confronted and to so soften our own conduct that it will be as a great spiritual wave and moral force for the Nation and for the world. As we use it lavishly and diligently we cannot help but spill the precious and fragrant perfume of our own talents upon our colleagues and upon everyone with whom we come in contact.

Suppose that for a single month we made a diligent effort to make certain that in our disagreement we would never be captious; that in our differences on principle we would never show petulance; that in resolutely following our own abiding convictions on matters of fundamental policy they would never be tainted by acrimony. Suppose we made a diligent effort to exemplify the humility and meekness and forbearance which marked their service, what a great moral force it would become in softening the dissidences of life and clarifying fundamental viewpoints. All this would redound so richly to the welfare of the world and of our own country.

When all is said and done, my friends, the problems, the questions, and the challenges with which we are confronted from day to day and year to year can scarcely be met by the lawbook and the statute book. So little of what we might formally inscribe upon the legislative parchments will actually meet the challenges of this turbulent era because the problems come from the spirit and the crisis is essentially moral.

You will agree that on so many hands one finds defeatism, but can we reduce anything to the common denominator of

words and language that will meet it. How shall we best solve the group antagonisms which are, after all, a matter of heart and soul? How shall we best meet the moral fatigue which one finds in many places and which is the pardonable and inevitable result of a conflict which tugged at the whole human fabric of the world? How shall we meet the frustrations which are also one of the bitter inheritances of conflict? The prophet Haggai in the Old Testament summed it up in a single phrase when he wrote on the parchments of the Scripture long ago, "Ye looked for much, and, lo, it came to little." It is the best definition of the frustrated spirit I have ever encountered in the literature of mankind.

But frustration and defeatism and moral fatigue and social cleavages and group antagonisms must all be met if we are to achieve that unity of purpose and action so indispensable to the progress of our country and of the world.

I humbly doubt that the answer—the real answer—can be found in legislative words. We must reach into the citadel of the spirit and find the solutions and we have access to the citadel only in proportion as the heart and the soul find solid moral ground. In proportion as we can bring this approach to our problems we shall again find sweetness and serenity in our national life which will carry us to levels never attained before in any time or generation. This we can find in our sweet and personal communion with their happy memories today. Let me add one more thing to this simple testimony of remembrance. In the Old Testament is the story of Ezekiel released from captivity who was commanded by the Lord to look upon the Valley of Dried Bones. From an anxious heart he asked the Lord whether they could live again. He was bidden to command, and soon with a great clattering roar these bones assembled into skeletons. He asked whether they could be clothed with flesh and was bidden to command and, lo, they were clothed with flesh. He asked whether they could live again and was told to command the four winds to breathe into this great lifeless host

the very breath of life, and, behold, it stood there as a living army.

One of the old versions, as I remember, then carries this simple admonition from the Lord. To Ezekiel He said that those in the Valley of Dried Bones were like an ancient people and that they were lost and dead and without hope. Then he said He would make them a people once more.

He did not say that He would make them two people or a divided people or a cloven people or a turbulent people. He said He would make them a people united in spirit and in effort.

As I survey the contemporary scene, is there anything so important as a restoration of common purpose, of domestic tranquillity, and of happy labor in the cause of an ideal which we call the American dream?

And so, my friends, in this blessed communion with our own let me say in the language of Peter, let us strive for this great goal for which mankind yearns "until we find the day star rising in our hearts." That is the day star of hope and promise for a new glory and a new greatness for ourselves and for the whole world. And so in sweet remembrance we lay upon their divine lingering personalities the memorial laurel of the living to the dead.

Hon. HARVE TIBBOTT, accompanied by Musician John Wigent, sang Going Down the Valley.

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Indiana [Mr. Madden].

Hon. RAY J. MADDEN, a Representative from the State of Indiana, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. RAY J. MADDEN

Mr. MADDEN. Mr. Speaker, during the last year divine providence visited the Congress and called seven of our Members to the final home. Today we raise our thoughts in reverent memory to those who were selected and answered the

call of their Maker. They have given the last full measure of their devotion that we may continue to enjoy the blessings of liberty and peace. They served their country in this Chamber and they have carried on the good fight for justice under law in our beloved land.

It is natural that in such an hour as this when we commemorate our departed fellow Members, that we look upon the work which they were doing when interrupted by the angel of death. The result of their labors is a precious heritage handed on to us. The work of making a nation's laws is a supremely heavy responsibility that taxes human resources and strength to the fullest. Our absent colleagues understood this well. Were it not so, some of them would still be with us today. The arduous and devastating burdens of congressional war work cost an unprecedented toll of our Members during this most critical period in our Nation's history. These Members were war casualties the same as were the boys in uniform who fell on the battlefield, in the air, and on the seas. But they were willing to make the sacrifice of their time and strength because they understood the sacred import of their legislative work.

To forge the legislation of a people is in a sense a participation in the divine plan of the Almighty, who rules both men and nations. Just laws are fashioned by men, duly elected by their people, but those laws have their source and power in God and we legislators are but His instruments. Great then must be our sense of duty to the Omnipotent Lawgiver and close must be our cooperation with Him in making laws that are in perfect agreement with the norm of right reason and of moral equity and justice. Today we feel confident that the Supreme Legislator has written a blessed finis to the work of those whom we honor at these exercises. During their years of service in this House they cooperated well with Him in legislating for the best interests of His children, the citizens of this Republic.

There is no test of a man's ability in any department of public life more severe than service in the National House of Representatives; there is no place where so little deference is paid to reputation previously acquired, or to eminence won outside; no place where so little consideration is shown for the feelings or the failures of beginners. What a man gains in this Chamber he gains by sheer force of his own character, and if he loses and falls back he must expect no mercy, and will receive no sympathy. It is a field in which the survival of the strongest is the recognized rule, and where no pretense can deceive and no glamour can mislead. Here the real man is discovered, his worth is impartially weighed, his rank is irreversibly decreed. On this day of retrospect and reflection, we can say that our absent brothers stood this test with grandeur. They survived criticism and nobly carried the rewards of success and praise. They took to heart the eternal truths of liberty, obeyed them as the commands of Providence, and accepted the human race as the judge of their fidelity.

Ordinarily we think of Benjamin Franklin as basking in the constant admiration of his countrymen. The fact is that he withstood enough vituperation to reduce many a modern legislator to quivering panic. It was charged that he not only approved the Stamp Act, but framed it; there was talk of setting fire to his house. He saw his oldest friends turn against him; he was scorned in England and distrusted at home—until, just as suddenly he was acclaimed a hero. In 1772 Franklin wrote a letter to his old friend Joseph Galloway, with whom he had shared a resounding political defeat a few years before.

The letter read:

We must not in the course of public life expect immediate approbation and immediate grateful acknowledgement of our services. But let us persevere through abuse and even injury. The internal satisfaction of a good conscience is always present, and time will do us justice in the minds of the people, even of those at present the most prejudiced against us.

Just as the soldier in the line of fire draws inspiration and courage from the love of country burning fiercely in the breasts of his fallen comrades, so do we feel a firmer conviction to carry on without fear or favor as we ponder on the patriotic devotion of those whose memories we revere here today. They indeed have taught us the lesson of true patriotism. Because of their example, we see in love of country a great virtue which is annexed to justice itself. Patriotism is a sincere love and reverence for our country based on a real sense of justice; it is the return of a debt for all that our country has done for us; for all that we have received from it—our citizenship, our freedom, our education, our opportunities, both spiritual and temporal. For all this we owe more than a deep and heartfelt gratitude; we owe our country our love, reverence, obedience, our loyalty, and, if necessary, our life itself. This is the meaning of true patriotism. This is the sacred significance of our flag which today waves silently over the graves of our departed colleagues of this honorable assembly.

There is another and even more profound significance in our meeting here today on this solemn occasion. We lay aside for a time the manifold tasks and labors which go into the making of our Nation's laws. There is a pause in the daily debate and in the interchange of views which at times express different and contrary opinions and convictions. We temporarily halt appropriation of the sums that we deem necessary to produce the greatest possible benefit for our people and for the peoples of other countries who stand in dire need and danger of losing both life and liberty.

In many parts of the world the freedom of the individual has been set back by centuries. There the idea survives that the individual is the creature of the state—that he exists for the state—that he has no rights except what the state gives him and can take away. America has been a living revolt against that pagan idea ever since freedom's greatest document was written and guaranteed that "All men are endowed

by their Creator with certain unalienable rights and that among these rights are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Today we join together in reconsecrating our lives and our abilities to that noble work for which Congress has been dedicated by the founding fathers since the beginning of this Republic. They were men of faith, men who felt a deep sense of responsibility to the God of nations and of peoples. They were men whose relations toward God were not unlike those of children toward their father—love tempered with awe, and obedience joined with a healthy fear of merited punishment. Convictions such as these have been expressed in this Chamber countless times since the infancy of our country. The pages of the Congressional Record are replete with sane and sober reflections on the absolute necessity of unswerving loyalty to the divine law which guides all men in general and legislators in particular. Under this moral law our Nation has grown great and has prospered. Today we rededicate ourselves to those same sacred convictions, to that same eternal moral law. We do so, well aware that without this faith in God and in His unchangeable moral law, all our efforts here are vain and purposeless.

Without this faith upon what would we hope?

Without this faith our very presence here at this solemn memorial service would be meaningless.

Without this faith why should we labor and sacrifice for others?

Without this faith the brotherhood of man would be reduced to a soft and sentimental altruism.

Without this faith we might logically revert to the level of the unthinking brute creation and let selfishness and fear and blood and rapine be our only law.

Without this faith we would let force and suspicion and hate determine our relations with our fellow men.

Such is the inevitable effect of a philosophy of life without faith in God. Such godlessness would indeed have been

anathema to our founding fathers and to the men who since 1789 have sat in the House of Representatives.

In a short time we shall again take up the work of yesterday. Let not the new resolve which this memorial hour affords pass away. They who have left us during the past year have already received their reward from the hands of a just and merciful Judge, before whom each of us will one day stand. We know that He has dealt with them in accord with His great mercy. "Blessed are ye who do the will of My Father." Blessed—happy shall you be. A heaped-up happiness of unending duration. That is the true immortality. That is the true end of man. Every other kind of immortality is but a mockery.

Monuments will decay, buildings will disappear, portraits fade, and words written and spoken are soon forgotten or lost in dusty tomes. But the deeds of men do live after them—not for a few passing years but for all eternity because they are written imperishably in the Book of Life held in the hands of the Angel of God. True immortality of men is unending life with their Creator. May the immortal souls of our fellow Congressmen whom we memorialize today, enjoy forever the reward of blissful rest and peace.

Musician Frank Scimonelli sounded taps.

The Chaplain pronounced the following benediction:

Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling and represent you faultless before the presence of His glory with great joy, unto the only wise God, our Saviour, the glory and majesty both now and forever. Amen.

The SPEAKER. Pursuant to the provisions of House Resolution 502, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Members, the Chair declares the House adjourned until tomorrow at 11 o'clock a. m.

Thereupon (at 1 o'clock and 8 minutes p. m.) the House, pursuant to its previous order, adjourned until tomorrow, Tuesday, May 18, 1948, at 11 o'clock a. m.

Memorial Addresses
on
Charles Laceille Gifford

Memorial Addresses

Remarks by Representative Hobbs

Of Alabama

Mr. HOBBS. Mr. Speaker, 9 months ago Hon. CHARLES L. GIFFORD was presiding as Speaker of the House when I had the privilege of making these remarks as a tribute to two outstanding departed Members of our body, Representatives Foss and Treadway:

Mr. HOBBS. Mr. Speaker, this occasion should not pass without an expression of tributes that rise today from every heart to the stricken State of Massachusetts and its sorrowing delegation. Ever since the Boston Tea Party, America has looked to Massachusetts for leadership, and has uniformly found it.

Two of such leaders, who served so long and so well in this body, we mourn upon this occasion because of their passing to higher service. We join those two bereaved families in their tears, tinged with pride and gratitude because these two great Americans kept the faith. Thank God we looked to them, and not in vain. Thank God that the proud tradition of leadership and ability and dedication to the public service still obtains. So we from every other State join our worthy colleagues from Massachusetts, bow to pay tribute to both past and present of Massachusetts.

Speaking as an humble Member of this House to the present distinguished Speaker of this body, until recently the minority leader, and to the distinguished minority whip now, formerly the majority leader, we remember again, as we did through the years when they were protagonists in leadership par excellence, that whenever a Member of the House referred to either he said, "The gentleman from Massachusetts." With those gentlemen from Massachusetts, the distinguished dean of the Massachusetts delegation who is just now presiding, and with every other Member from that great State, all of us join in paying this tribute of love, admiration, and respect to the memory of these two great servants of mankind, and of their great State, and of this great Nation.

Now the Grim Reaper has knocked at his door and he has joined the galaxy of stars that compose the constellation shining in the sky of service representing Massachusetts.

None of us who had the privilege of serving with him has ever failed to appreciate the high quality of his service, the pungency of his humor, his devotion to his constituents, his State and Nation, nor who has failed to form an affectionate regard for him, both as man and public servant.

The universal sorrow pervading this Chamber by reason of his passing has erased the center aisle.

Remarks by Representative Curtis

Of Nebraska

Mr. CURTIS. Mr. Speaker, one of the most unusual and interesting characters that I have ever known was the late CHARLES GIFFORD, who so ably represented the Ninth Congressional District of Massachusetts. I will remember him for his profound Americanism, his common sense, his high principles, and his sense of humor.

Mr. GIFFORD was a devoted public servant. He made a distinct contribution to his community, his State, and to our great Republic. He has earned his reward.

Remarks by Representative Camp

Of Georgia

Mr. CAMP. Mr. Speaker, I was introduced to Hon. CHARLES LACEILLE GIFFORD soon after entering the Congress in 1939, but I did not become intimately acquainted with him until his nomination to the Committee on Ways and Means. After he came to our committee, I soon learned his sterling qualities, and as time went on we became intimate friends and I appreciated more and more his high character and his marked ability.

Congressman GIFFORD possessed a keen sense of fairness, and his sparkling wit and cool judgment made a pleasant occasion of many an otherwise dull and weary session. He was a scholar and possessed a store of knowledge from which all of us drew when occasion demanded it. He was an expert on English grammar, as well as parliamentary practices. No man could have been more diligent and constant in his efforts to serve his country on the great Ways and Means Committee than Congressman GIFFORD.

When he departed this life soon after we left for our summer vacation last year, I was greatly saddened. His State has produced many great men. CHARLES LACEILLE GIFFORD stands high among them.

Remarks by Representative Lynch

Of New York

Mr. LYNCH. Mr. Speaker, I desire to give expression to my feeling of high regard for our esteemed colleague, Hon. CHARLES L. GIFFORD. Although he preceded me in the House by a number of years, I had the opportunity by reason of my close association with him on committees to know him, perhaps better than many of his original contemporaries who are still Members of the House. I was appointed to the Banking and Currency Committee after he had already served on that committee with distinction for many years. I shall never forget his unfailing humor, and on many occasions, his barbed wit, that could so laughingly drive home his point. On the floor of the House I have myself retreated in confusion as he hurled his good-natured, but nonetheless effective, darts. True, he pierced the armor of his opponents with laughter and wit. His dignified mien belied the twinkle in the eye and those who knew him delighted in his company.

I became a member of the Ways and Means Committee and within a few years thereafter my dear friend on the Republican side also became a member of that committee. It was always a pleasure to serve with him. He was the apogee of partisan republicanism, with the fervor of an American for whom the smell of the soil of Massachusetts, or the tang of the sea off Cape Cod meant home and the United States to him. Withal he was able to view with clear vision the problems of all of us on the opposite side of the aisle, some of whom, like myself, came from the canyon streets of New York.

In the death of Representative GIFFORD the country has lost an able citizen, a distinguished legislator, and an ardent patriot.

Remarks by Representative Nicholson

Of Massachusetts

Mr. NICHOLSON. Mr. Speaker, I was privileged to know the late Honorable CHARLES L. GIFFORD throughout the long years of his duties as a public servant, in the Massachusetts Legislature, and in the House of Representatives of the Congress. He was an outspoken, courageous man who had the best interests of his country at heart. He carried on the traditions of the people from whom he came—the solid, substantial citizens of Cape Cod.

One of the qualities of CHARLIE GIFFORD that I remember best was his ability to gain the confidence of young people. He could talk to them as easily and as intimately as he could talk with the Members of Congress, where he gave such valuable service for one-quarter of a century.

There is little need for me to extoll his virtues to the Members of this body because most of you know him and could express your sentiments better than I. I do know that the people of this great Republic need more men of the caliber of Congressman GIFFORD.

The people of the Ninth Congressional District of Massachusetts recognized these qualities and the deep affection which they held for him is best exemplified in the following editorial which appeared in the New Bedford Standard Times on the occasion of his death:

CHARLIE GIFFORD IS DEAD

The news stories will call him Congressman CHARLES L. GIFFORD, of the Ninth Massachusetts District, but his friends know him better. They know that 25 years in Washington never changed him from the friendly, witty CHARLIE GIFFORD they knew as State representative, school teacher, and cranberry grower. And they will miss him as a friend as much as they will miss him as their living link with the Nation's Capital.

It was his warm human touch that endeared him to thousands and made everyone of them feel just as important as the so-called big men in Washington whom he also knew. He was fond of telling about these big men, but never in a boastful way. To him they were full of human frailties, like everyone else. In CHARLIE GIFFORD'S mind the little fellows were just as important, and he made them feel that way.

A close student of Government finance, it was his fate to serve his district through Republican prosperity days, the depression, the costly war era, and the postwar readjustment period. In all that time, he never wavered in his support of businesslike expenditure of the public's money and opposition to the growth of bureaucracy.

Perhaps his outstanding trait was his desire to serve his constituents as they wanted him to serve. Repeatedly he would ask, "What do you want me to do? Let me hear from you," in regard to a current issue. He tried as hard as any other Congressman to learn the sentiments and wishes of his district and to vote accordingly.

CHARLIE GIFFORD'S sturdy character and affable, approachable manner will be grealy missed. He was a public servant who did his best to serve the public.

Remarks by Representative Martin

of Massachusetts

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, there comes a strange tug of emotion and deep sorrow to my heart when memory turns back to the experiences I had with CHARLES L. GIFFORD, my friend and colleague from Massachusetts, who passed from this temporal body on last August 23, after a long and distinguished career.

Those of us who knew CHARLIE GIFFORD intimately loved him best. There was, there is, no finer man who ever walked across the threshold of the Congress of the United States, or cast a vote for the principles for which he and all true Americans stand.

CHARLIE GIFFORD was a Republican, but he was not a bitter partisan, and he had as many friends on the Democratic side of the aisle that divides us as he had on the Republican side. All who knew him, when they learned of his death, rose up to call him blessed.

I was particularly fortunate, I believe, to have been thrown closely to him all the days of his adult life. A Representative of the Ninth Massachusetts District, he came from Cotuit, Barnstable County, Mass., where he was educated in the public schools and taught school and became a businessman. He was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1912, serving until he was elected to the Massachusetts State Senate in 1914. He remained there until 1919. I knew him at that time, for I was fortunate also to be serving in those two bodies in the same period in which he served our Commonwealth so well.

CHARLIE was elected to the Sixty-seventh Congress in 1921 and was reelected to every succeeding Congress.

Always, and I can say it with the greatest sincerity, he was kindly, thoughtful, helpful. He has been and will be sorely missed by every Member of the Massachusetts delegation and by the tens of thousands of friends and acquaintances whom he knew and served so long in Congress.

When we think of CHARLIE GIFFORD today, in memory of the years we worked and laughed and lived with him here, we remember again that:

Death is only a quiet door,
  Set in a garden wall;
On gentle hinges it gives, at dusk
  When the thrushes call.

Along the lintel are green leaves,
  Beyond the light lies still;
Very willing and weary feet
  Go over that sill.

There is nothing to trouble any heart,
  Nothing to hurt at all
Death is only a quiet door,
  In an old garden wall.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

MONDAY, *November 17, 1947.*

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, I offer a resolution (H. Res. 355) which I send to the desk, and ask for its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. CHARLES L. GIFFORD, a Representative from the State of Massachusetts.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, it is a sad duty to offer this resolution conveying as it does the information to the House of the death of a beloved colleague; a man whose close friendship I cherished for 37 years. CHARLIE GIFFORD, whose death we mourn, was admired and respected by all. No middle aisle divided the House in its appreciation of this great American Congressman.

It was back in 1912, when, as a very youthful member of the Massachusetts Legislature, I first became acquainted with CHARLIE GIFFORD. He was a veteran of the legislature, and his friendly, kindly aid helped me over some rough passages. Then started a warm friendship that increased with the passing of time. Later Mr. GIFFORD went to the senate and I followed him. There we served 3 years together. Then he came to Congress, and, 2 years later, I joined him, and for more than 23 years we served together here in this great parliamentary body. We had many things in common, and this permitted me to appreciate his sterling character, his fine grasp of Government affairs, and his rugged Americanism.

He had the courage of his convictions. He never dodged an unpopular issue or refrained from expressing his opinion, even if it at the time might be unpopular. He was a stalwart fighter for the cause of republicanism, in which he sincerely believed. He loved the rough and tumble of debate, yet with all his sturdy love of party and stout support of his party's principles his barbs were shot without malice.

The death of CHARLIE GIFFORD is a great loss of this Congress, his State, and the country. He had served on the great Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, he had been a member of the Committee on Banking and Currency, and of the Committee on Expenditures, and he served at the time of his death as a member of the Committee on Ways and Means. Through service on these four great committees he acquired an immense knowledge of national problems, knowledge that would have been of tremendous value to the country as we go forward to crucial and perilous days.

So it is with sorrow and sadness today I offer this resolution. It is my sincere hope that in the other world to which he has gone he will find the fullest measure of contentment and happiness.

To his beloved family I offer my deepest sympathy at their great loss.

Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentlewoman from Massachusetts [Mrs. Rogers].

Mrs. ROGERS of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, it is exceedingly difficult for me to stand here and try to eulogize my good friend, CHARLIE GIFFORD. We were friends for many years. He was so well known, so highly respected, and so loved in the House on both sides of the aisle that words in his praise seem almost superfluous and fulsome. He was one of that fast-disappearing race of Massachusetts Cape Codders, known for his ever-ready wit and humor, always coupled with solid thinking and constructive suggestion. During his long and distinguished service as a legislator in

both the General Court of Massachusetts and the Congress of the United States his popularity was not confined to any one party; he was loved by all, even though his well-placed barbs during debate often struck home. He was understood—everyone knew of his sincerity of effort in trying to save the country money. His service on the Committees on Merchant Marine, Banking and Currency, and Ways and Means was constructive service, and the welfare of our Nation always had precedence in his thoughts and acts.

In mourning his loss as a colleague and friend, our deep understanding and sympathy go to his devoted wife, daughter, and the grandchildren, of whom he was so proud. One of the loveliest things, I think, about CHARLIE GIFFORD was his devotion and comradeship with his grandchildren. He was building them up to be great Americans.

All that could die of CHARLIE GIFFORD has passed away, but the memory of his friendship, his humor, his ready sympathy, his loyal patriotism, and his high statesmanship will live always. We shall miss him greatly.

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. Michener].

Mr. MICHENER. Mr. Speaker, together with every other Member of the House, I sincerely mourn the passing of Massachusetts' Representative, CHARLES L. GIFFORD. Here was an unusual man whose friends were only limited by his acquaintances. Always cheerful, his fund of good humor, ready wit, and practical knowledge made him the spark plug of any group of which he was a part.

I came here with the Sixty-sixth Congress. Mr. GIFFORD came with the Sixty-seventh Congress, and his service was continuous until his death. Our families lived at the same hotel. Our acquaintance was, therefore, more than formal and was, indeed, intimate. Of strong character, decisive views, and a student of all public questions, his worth was

soon recognized and appreciated. He was not only effective in the committee room, but he was interesting, entertaining, and persuasive in debate.

The pages of the Congressional Record throughout his service bear witness to his activity on the floor. Seldom was there an important issue before the House he did not discuss, and time has shown that he was always logical. His integrity was never questioned. While he was positive in his views, yet he was always tolerant of the sincerity of his opponents. During the last few years of his service he was not a well man, yet he kept the faith, performed his duties well, and was always on the job, especially when the interests of his own New England and his own Massachusetts were in any way particularly involved. He served long, honorably, and conscientiously. Indeed, during recent years he worked when he should have been resting. He understood this, but was deaf to the suggestions of his colleagues that his health should come first. His passing was not unexpected. I talked with him the day before he left Washington, and it was only then that I realized that CHARLIE GIFFORD probably would not return to the Halls of Congress. His career here was such that he left without anything to regret. His public service established a pattern that can profitably be followed by those who are to come after, and I join with the others in paying this tribute of honor, love, and respect to his memory. He has left a splendid heritage to the bereaved family, and we all sorrow with them.

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Wigglesworth].

Mr. WIGGLESWORTH. Mr. Speaker, in the death of our able and beloved colleague, CHARLIE GIFFORD, the State of Massachusetts and the Nation as a whole have lost the services of an outstanding public servant.

For 2 years a member of the house of representatives in Massachusetts, for 6 years a member of the senate in Massachusetts, for 26 years a Member of this House, a total of 34

years, he served both State and Nation with fidelity and with distinction.

Bringing to his work great ability, great courage, and an unfailing sense of humor that endeared him to all, he always fought for his convictions and for the best interests of this Nation of ours.

In many ways CHARLIE GIFFORD seems to me to have been typical of the rugged individualism, of the independence of thought and action which laid the foundations of America.

I have known CHARLIE GIFFORD and his family, personally, for many years. I owe him and them a great debt for help given me through the years during my service in this House.

No one could serve with him as closely as I have during the past 19 years without having for him both high regard and deep affection.

I know, Mr. Speaker, that he will be greatly missed by all Members on both sides of the aisle who had the privilege of knowing him and working with him here.

The House will not be quite the same without CHARLIE GIFFORD.

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members may be allowed to extend their remarks at this point in the Record.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. Halleck). Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Massachusetts?

There was no objection.

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. McCormack].

Mr. McCORMACK. Mr. Speaker, in the passing of our late colleague and friend, CHARLIE GIFFORD, the House has lost one of its most distinguished Members. CHARLIE GIFFORD in debate, as we all remember, had probably the most unique and impressive way of presenting his thoughts in argument. He was a man who strongly believed in the principles and the policies of his party.

He was a man of great warmth of heart, a man, as one of my colleagues from Massachusetts ably expressed, who was individualistic in his thoughts. Those of us who are acquainted with the history of the Cape Cod section of Massachusetts can appreciate that CHARLIE GIFFORD was truly representative of those who had settled in that section generations ago and who made such a marked contribution to the progress of Massachusetts, and to our country under colonial and under constitutional form of government.

I always enjoyed listening to CHARLIE GIFFORD. He presented his arguments capably and he had a sincerity about him which, no matter how sharp and strong his arguments may have been, we all knew he was purely impersonal. My years of association with him in this body developed and knitted together a friendship which I valued very much during his lifetime and which I shall always treasure as long as I live. With the passing of CHARLIE GIFFORD we lost a man who best typified the strong-willed New Englander who braved hardship so that our country might come into being. His ancestors and his constituents might well be proud of his noble efforts in the Congress. His passing is a loss to Massachusetts, to New England, and to the Nation. I have lost a dear personal friend. The Congress has lost an able legislator. We will miss him greatly.

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. I yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Bates].

Mr. BATES of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, I wish to take this opportunity at this moment also to say a word for an old friend whom away back in 1918 or 1919 I had an opportunity to serve with in the Legislature of Massachusetts. As the Speaker and minority leader have said, they have had many years of personal experience in official capacity with him. CHARLIE GIFFORD came down with me through that 30-year period of time in continuous public service. We who knew him loved him. We revered him when he was here. We

revere his memory now. He was a true servant of the people in every respect. He was an old schoolmaster starting out in his public career years ago, and by hard work and diligence and devotion to the public weal he made an outstanding public servant. But with all the seriousness of which he was possessed, he also had a sense of humor, and I know that during the discussions on the floor of the House in which he participated that it was always to the interest of the Members to gather as closely as possible in order to enable them to enjoy some of his wit in the midst of a serious debate in which he was tremendously interested. It may well be said in this case, well done, good and faithful servant.

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker I yield to gentleman from New York [Mr. Taber].

Mr. TABER. Mr. Speaker, CHARLIE GIFFORD and I served together on the special reorganization committee for two separate Congresses. It was our privilege to lead the fight here over 3 weeks on the floor against the first reorganization bill, and to be able at the end to recommit it.

CHARLIE was a forceful and able speaker, and a tremendous worker in committee. Outside the House he was one of the finest and most pleasant men one could meet. The world sees too few men of the type and character of CHARLIE GIFFORD.

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Clason].

Mr. CLASON. Mr. Speaker, CHARLIE L. GIFFORD will long be remembered by those who served with him in Congress. Coming to Washington after serving notably in the General Court of Massachusetts, he quickly built up a reputation as a keen legislator. As the years passed he gained in influence and esteem among the veteran Members. Those of us who came to Congress in his later years will always remember him as a sharp, witty debater, and even more as a kind, friendly

comrade. To the Members of the Massachusetts delegation his death has come as a very great personal loss.

I had the privilege of spending many pleasant evenings with the late Congressman Allen Treadway and Mr. GIFFORD, who were close friends. Usually John Taber was present also. Mr. GIFFORD took Mr. Treadway's place on the great Committee on Ways and Means. He always voted in accordance with his own personal convictions. His departure from this Hall leaves a vacancy which it will be hard to fill. All of us join in extending our deepest sympathy to his widow and daughter.

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from South Dakota [Mr. Case].

Mr. CASE of South Dakota. Mr. Speaker, it is seldom that a man so completely deserves the term "delightful" as did CHARLIE GIFFORD. He was a delightful man to know. Personally, I count it one of the great privileges of membership here that shortly after I entered this Hall I came to enjoy his friendship and his encouragement.

Reference has been made by many of the speakers to the humor with which he graced his arguments. That was certainly true. One of the classics was his manner of greeting the presentation of a new budget to the Congress. Into a statistical review he would inject something like this:

> Cheer up, Budget, don't you cry,
> You'll be a deficit bye and bye.

In one of his brilliant speeches anticipating the arguments of a forthcoming speech by a man in the White House who was accustomed to using the radio, he wound up with this:

> You may fireside when you are ready, Mr. President.

I have always thought that particular sally, spontaneous as it was, showed the natural wit of CHARLIE GIFFORD at its characteristic best—pointed but courteous, barbed but delightful, even to its victims.

His speeches will bear reading again and again. Members of the House for years to come can go through his speeches and renew the pleasure that came from knowing such a delightful man as CHARLIE GIFFORD.

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Lane].

Mr. LANE. Mr. Speaker, at the beginning of this emergency session, when we face problems of grave import to the Nation and the world, it is fitting that we pay tribute to the memory of a colleague whose advice we now sorely miss.

CHARLES GIFFORD served the people of the Ninth Massachusetts District and the interests of the Nation as a whole, through his labors in this House of Representatives, for a quarter of a century.

Born in Cotuit, Mass., and educated in the public schools, he went into the teaching profession for 10 years and then branched out into the real-estate business. In 1912–13 he was a representative to the general court of his home State. From 1914 to 1919 he served in the Massachusetts Senate.

First elected to the Sixty-seventh Congress, he served continuously from that time until the end of the first session of the Eightieth Congress. During his long and consistent career, in which he put the welfare of his district and the Nation before all personal considerations, he grew up with the Congress. In that process he acquired a knowledge of the complexities of government that was second to none. Out of this experience came the sage advice that was especially helpful to the younger Members of this legislative assembly. CHARLIE GIFFORD had that homespun quality, that down-to-earth directness that could strip away all pretexts in language and in law, penetrating to the very heart of any matter. In recognition of his talents, he was appointed to the most important committee of the House—Ways and Means—where he served long and faithfully until death summoned him to a higher life.

CHARLIE GIFFORD did not retire. Although younger men are worn out before their time by the exacting responsibilities and demands of public office, CHARLIE GIFFORD stuck to his guns. With true Yankee tenacity, he died "with his boots on" in service to the people.

This was the basis of his freeman's faith. The development of character and intelligence in each individual would best meet the needs of that voluntary cooperation which is required to solve the problems of modern society.

Congressman GIFFORD was a Republican. Through most of his career as a national legislator he worked with a Democratic-controlled Congress. The respect which he earned is measured by the affection in which he was held by those of us who belong to the opposition party.

In time of critical debate, when tension mounted and tempers flared, CHARLIE GIFFORD could be depended upon to ease the situation from his rich fund of wit.

Some claim that government is an experimental science. It is also an art, requiring a deep knowledge of human nature in order to resolve opposing points of view and promote cooperation.

The late Congressman GIFFORD had that human touch which is the essence of our democratic way of life. He was an individual in the best meaning of that word, with understanding of, and respect for, his fellow individuals. It was this charming quality of kinship that attracted us to him, somehow feeling that this is the virtue which makes people strong and protects them from dictatorship.

CHARLIE GIFFORD has returned to the little town whence he came, where his mortal remains have found rest in company with those early New Englanders who braved the wilderness to give birth to a new civilization.

His work is done. His accomplishments are part of the bloodstream of this Nation which he loved.

In ways still beyond the range of human perception, the comradeship we once knew will be with us yet. It will inspire

us to raise this Congress to the full stature of the peoples' hopes and expectations.

We call it memory, but it is the living legacy which men like CHARLIE GIFFORD leave to us.

We shall cherish his spirit even as we cherished him when he was such a familiar figure in this Congress.

Congressman GIFFORD is gone but he is not forgotten.

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Goodwin].

Mr. GOODWIN. Mr. Speaker, with a heart still heavy at the loss of a personal friend as well as a respected and beloved colleague, I rise to support the resolution. CHARLIE GIFFORD was unique among the Members of Congress. He seemed to reflect in a manner dramatic and yet delightful the individuality of the particular section of our country which he had represented for a quarter century with such signal honor and proud distinction. In Massachusetts we know it as the Cape. Elsewhere it is known as Cape Cod. And just as throughout the length and breadth of this land there is only one Cape Cod, so there was only one CHARLIE GIFFORD.

He had a rare faculty in debate of using satire and wit to enforce the point he wished to make. Yet, even though the shafts of his wit and satire when engaged in debate occasionally seemed to come pretty close to the personal, I doubt if there was ever an instance when a forensic adversary was conscious of the slightest feeling of resentment. He was universally respected and admired by his colleagues on both sides of the Chamber. I have admired him for the many traits of character, as well as for the many qualities of statesmanship which enshrined him in the hearts of the people in his district. They respected him and honored him for the devotion that he showed to a beloved wife and for the pride that he had in an accomplished daughter who has gone far in civic and political life in Massachusetts, and the pride he felt in his splendid grandchildren.

Just as he was in the habit, in debate, of taking out of his vest pocket a little book from which he would select a quotation which he believed was apt for his purpose, so now, in this hour of remembrance as I add my tribute of respect and affection for a friend whose wise counsel and helpful advice on many occasions I shall never forget, I make use of a verse of poetry which it seems to me CHARLIE GIFFORD, in an endeavor to be helpful to everybody, must have made a part of his philosophy of life:

I live for those who love me, for those know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me, and awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance, for the wrongs that need resistance;
For the future in the distance and the good that I can do.

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Herter].

Mr. HERTER. Mr. Speaker, for many years before I had the honor of coming to Congress I was privileged to know CHARLIE GIFFORD and to sit at his feet and he helped, not only by his wise counsels, but by his really true and abiding friendship. He was one of the kindliest men I have ever known. His family were a devoted family. They were fine people, and all of us who knew them were proud to call them friends.

His service, first to the State and then to the Nation, is one of which anyone could be proud. His family has every right to feel real pride in the contribution he has made to his country.

The Congress will miss him. Those of us who knew him intimately will miss him terribly as a friend. The Nation will miss him terribly as a great public servant. I doubt whether for many years to come this House can have anyone serve in it who can match him both for wisdom and for wit. We all grieve with his family at this time.

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Church].

Mr. CHURCH. Mr. Speaker, I want to join the Speaker of the House, the other Representatives from Massachusetts, and other Members of the House in paying tribute today to our good friend, CHARLIE GIFFORD. I learned to know CHARLIE GIFFORD best while serving with him as a member of the Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments. We all remember his fine service on the floor of the House.

I wish to extend sympathy to his wife, his daughter, and his grandchildren.

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Philbin].

Mr. PHILBIN. Mr. Speaker, it was with a profound sense of grief and personal loss that I learned of the passing of our old and valued friend, CHARLIE GIFFORD. For many years, even before I came to this Chamber, I knew him and loved him for his fine qualities as a man and as an American.

As has been so eloquently said here today by my grief-stricken colleagues, CHARLIE GIFFORD was unique. He was unique in many respects; in the ruggedness of his character; in the graciousness of his personality; in the generosity of his spirit; in his capacity for striking a witty and satirical phrase; never desiring to injure one's feelings; always with the intention to add something to the debate, and to make our daily lives more pleasurable and tolerable in the stress of the heavy duties that sometimes confront us.

Congressman GIFFORD was indeed an American of many-sided interests and many-sided abilities. Sprung from the heart of old New England not far from the hallowed spot where the Pilgrim Fathers landed on these shores, he was possessed of profound attachment to fundamental virtues. Simple of habit, forthright in manner, and plain-spoken in opinion, yet direct and forceful when occasion demanded—warm in his friendships, generous in all his impulses, ready of wit, penetrating of intellect, this noble soul from Cape Cod

during his service in this body made an indelible imprint upon our times and the legislative record of his era.

Next in impressiveness to me, to his sound rugged character was his capacity for warm and sympathetic friendship. His friends were legion in and out of this body. To many of us in the early days of our service here, regardless of party affiliation or sectional origin, he gave unstintingly of his wise counsel and the fruits of his ripe and varied experience in public affairs. In truth, he was a humorous, withal a wise and generous "philosopher king"—a man of broad knowledge and sound principles.

His passing leaves a great void in this House which it will never be possible to fill. As friends and colleagues we mourn the loss of one who by his human understanding and kindliness of character had won a deep and sure place in our affections. As public servants we mourn the loss which his constituency, State, and Nation have suffered in the passing of such an able, devoted, and inspiring American gentleman who served faithfully and well the moving causes of his time and generation.

To his family, upon whom he lavished unrestrained devotion and love, we join today in giving this humble expression of our profound sympathy. Those who remain after him in the family circle can take consolation from his long life of intelligent, courageous, patriotic service. And we who were privileged to serve with him may and can well continue to be inspired and strengthened by the happy memory of his ardent friendship and his many impressive and invaluable contributions to our own lives and to the well-being and security of our common country. CHARLIE GIFFFORD was a real man. We shall not hope to look upon his like again.

It is, therefore, my very high privilege, though a sad one, to pay my humble tribute to the loving memory of a great American, a devoted husband, a loyal father, a noble son of Massachusetts, and a true friend.

May he rest in peace.

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Heselton].

Mr. HESELTON. Mr. Speaker, although I was acquainted with our colleague CHARLIE GIFFORD before I came here, it was not until I did come here that I learned to know the great richness of character and the qualities of mind and heart which have been referred to this afternoon. I heartily join in everything that has been said about him, his life, and his devotion to duty and to country.

I last saw CHARLIE GIFFORD as he was leaving us to go home. He had frequently spoken to me of how unhappy he was in not being able to remain here during the rest of the session. I am certain that he knew then that he would never come back here. Yet he faced that knowledge with all the courage of a lovable, fine, and Christian soul. His memory will be very dear to me, as it will be to all of you.

Mr. ROBSION. Mr. Speaker, during the congressional recess two of our distinguished colleagues and dear personal friends passed away: Hon. CHARLES L. GIFFORD, of the Ninth Massachusetts District, and Judge RAYMOND S. SPRINGER, of the Tenth Indiana District. I was greatly shocked and deeply grieved to learn of the death of these two dear friends during the congressional recess. I am addressing my remarks at this time more especially to the passing of Mr. GIFFORD. I shall have more to say later on in the day in respect to the death of Judge SPRINGER.

Mr. GIFFORD came from the famous Plymouth Rock District. Evidently the lives of the Pilgrim fathers and mothers and their religious and political principles had a profound effect on the life of our colleague. He was a man of unusual intelligence; his character was beyond question. He truly believed in the American way of life. He served many years in the Massachusetts House and Senate. I was serving my second term when he came to the House, where he has served with distinction ever since. He was a true American patriot,

statesman, and soldier. Few men have made a more profound impression in this body than our colleague, Mr. GIFFORD. He was greatly admired and respected by each and every Member of the House. In his passing I feel that I have lost a personal friend and the inspiration of a beautiful and wonderful life. This Nation will no longer have the benefit of the services of this great American.

I wish I might be able to say something that would be comforting to Mr. GIFFORD's splendid wife, to his children and grandchildren, whom he loved dearly. They must, however, find some comfort in the fact that he led a very honorable and useful life and that his great work and character will continue to be an inspiration to his own family and friends and to millions of loyal American citizens. We could do no better than to follow in his footsteps. I wish to extend to his family my profound sympathy. May our Heavenly Father soothe and heal their sorrow.

Mr. EBERHARTER. Mr. Speaker, I join with my colleagues who have spoken today in expressing my deep regret at the passing of two of my most beloved and esteemed colleagues, Mr. GIFFORD, of Massachusetts, and Mr. SPRINGER, of Indiana.

Seldom in the annals of the Congress have Members been saddened by the death of two such worthy men within so short a time. I shall always be proud that Mr. GIFFORD and Mr. SPRINGER were particularly personally friendly to me.

As late as 3 months ago my family and I had the pleasure of being on a trip by ship to and from the Panama Canal in company with RAY SPRINGER and his charming wife, and never could anyone wish more congenial and delightful companionship than we enjoyed in their company.

The memory of RAY SPRINGER and of CHARLIE GIFFORD will remain fresh within me during the remainder of my days.

The Congress of the United States can ill afford, in these trying times, to lose men of such high character and ability

as was possessed by these two. Their lives will be an example to all other Members of this body.

May their souls rest in peace at the side of their Creator.

Mr. BRYSON. Mr. Speaker, early in the history of our country the States of Massachusetts and South Carolina stood out prominently among the States of the Union by reason of the great men who then represented those States in the Congress. In assigning offices to present Members of Congress the late, beloved, and lamented Congressman from Massachusetts, CHARLES L. GIFFORD, was alongside the office which I occupy. Thus Massachusetts and South Carolina found themselves separated only by one thin wall.

As the next-door neighbor of Congressman GIFFORD, I had the privilege of knowing him intimately for a good many years. On Sundays, after church, it was our custom to meet at our offices where life's many problems were discussed, because only then did we seem to have time to visit socially.

Mr. GIFFORD, though many years my senior both in the span of his lifetime and in his years of experience, was always sympathetic, kind, and understanding. I recall our discussions with reference to the chief industries of our two States, Massachusetts, formerly the great textile State, and South Carolina, the present leader in the field of textiles.

The many experiences of our late colleague included that of teaching, one of the greatest of all callings.

I often observed how attentive Congressman GIFFORD was to children. Even my youngest children respected him and were always eager to hear his interesting and helpful stories. One of the surest ways of determining the character of a man is said to be the attitude of children toward him.

The Grim Reaper of death struck next door to my office for no good reason at all, save only that Congressman GIFFORD had finished his work in a very acceptable manner and was ready when the call came.

Although I belonged to a different political party than that to which Congressman GIFFORD belonged, we respected each other's views in spite of our political differences.

Mr. Horace C. Carlisle has portrayed the character of Congressman GIFFORD in the following beautiful verses:

CONGRESSMAN GIFFORD GONE TO HIS REWARD

When the Congressman GIFFORD went to his reward,
Massachusetts and all the whole country sustained
A great loss, but, if this had not been in accord
With God's will, he on earth would have longer remained.

Recognized as a statesman of power and poise,
With a keen intellect and a purposeful will,
In performance of duty he found his chief joys,
As he counseled his colleagues on Capitol Hill.

Sacred honor stood uppermost in his great mind,
For without sacred honor to safeguard the rest,
All the other great virtues that God has enshrined
In man's being would perish, still-born, in his breast.

Yea, without sacred honor, religion, and law.
He declared, would mean nothing, for justice and right
Would be into oblivion banished, and awe
Would destroy peace on earth, and enshroud it in night.

He'll be missed in the Congress, where he loved to serve,
With a courage unequaled by most of his peers,
Where he taxed every muscle and sinew and nerve,
To serve God and mankind, in these challenging years.

—*Horace C. Carlisle.*

Mr. PLUMLEY. Mr. Speaker, my long-time friend CHARLES GIFFORD is dead.

He was an institution; the length and shadow of all those men of Massachusetts who preceded him in the House of Representatives to help make Massachusetts great.

Perchance he was, as some have said, a dreamer; yet while—

> * * * the dreamer dies but never dies fair dream.
> Though death shall call the whirlwind to his aid
> Enlist men's passions, trick their hearts with hate,
> Still the fair vision lives.

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Say nevermore that dreams are fragile things;
What else endures
Of all this broken world save only dreams?

Read that again. He was a dreamer. Yet CHARLES GIFFORD was more than a dreamer for that the substance was in him—that which makes the shadow. He recast, relived, and did all things that do become a man, between him and the sun.

He was born in Cotuit, out of which he came to serve the district of which it is a part. He went to Cotuit's public schools; was a profound student; taught school himself in his own home district, which is a tribute and a test and the measure of a man.

He represented his townspeople—than which there can be no greater honor; than which there is no more valuable recognition of one's standing with his own—in the Massachusetts Legislature, its general court, and went forward to the Massachusetts Senate where he distinguished himself and earned recognition on the basis of outstanding ability, adequately shown.

Then these folks who had known him through all the years sent him down to Congress to represent them here, proud as they were of him, and justifiedly so.

So he came to Congress. Here he served from the Sixty-seventh to the Eightieth Congress, and died with his boots on, as he would have had it, in the midst of the battle of the century. God rest his soul.

He was a knight sans peur, sans reproche.

* * * better than marital woe, and the pageant of civic sorrow;
Better than praise of today, or the statute we build tomorrow;
Better than honor and glory, and history's iron pen,
Was the thought of duty done and the love of his fellowmen.

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, I move the adoption of the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. HALLECK. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect to the memory of our departed colleagues, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; accordingly (at 4 o'clock and 3 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until tomorrow, Tuesday, November 18, 1947, at 12 o'clock noon.

MONDAY, *November 24, 1947.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Carrell, one of its clerks, announced that the Senate had adopted the following resolution (S. Res. 168):

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. CHARLES L. GIFFORD, late a Representative from the State of Massachusetts.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn.

CHARLES LACEILLE GIFFORD

WEDNESDAY, *May 19, 1948.*

Mr. SALTONSTALL. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the body of the Record a memorial address in eulogy of Representative CHARLES L. GIFFORD, of Massachusetts, who died August 23, 1947. He represented a district of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for a great many years in the House of Representatives.

There being no objection, the address was ordered to be printed in the Record as follows:

EULOGY OF REPRESENTATIVE CHARLES L. GIFFORD BY SENATOR LEVERETT SALTONSTALL

Mr. President, my long friendship with CHARLES L. GIFFORD—a keen and courageous legislator who faithfully served his Massachusetts friends in Congress for 26 years—is an experience I shall always cherish. I came to appreciate his warmth of heart and his personal convictions as we worked together on problems common to both of us, first when I was in the Governor's office in Massachusetts and later in Congress. He was frank, honest, and a tremendous worker. I know of no person who was more conscientious in his duties or a more stanch supporter of his party's principles. He was an able, forceful speaker, but always with a sense of humor. Those of us who know his Cape Cod section of Massachusetts appreciate that CHARLIE GIFFORD had the same steadfastness and constructive outlook which marked those who settled the Bay State generations ago and who made such important contributions to the progress of our country.

I do not think he ever fully recovered from two personal blows. First was the destruction of his lifelong collection of memorable papers and records when the hurricane of 1938 churned his friendly Cape Cod waters into a seething tidal wave sweeping all in its path. Later he was struck by a streetcar in Washington which physically weakened him. Yet neither blow could diminish his ever-ready wit, his infectious smile and love for his fellow man. All of us in Massachusetts shall miss him. We are proud of the record he leaves behind him as a statesman who always thought first of his country and his people at home and lastly of himself.

Proceedings in the Senate

THURSDAY, *November 20, 1947.*

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate a resolution from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The resolution (H. Res. 355) was read, as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. CHARLES L. GIFFORD, a Representative from the State of Massachusetts.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

Mr. LODGE. Mr. President, I send to the desk a resolution which I ask to have read, and for which I ask present consideration. I should like to add my personal tribute to the memory of the late Representative GIFFORD. I had known him for a great many years. I always enjoyed my contacts with him. He had a delightful sense of humor, a great capacity for work and for analysis, together with complete courage in confronting his public duty and a profound sense of devotion to his country. He was a typical citizen of Cape Cod. He was a fine son of Massachusetts, a distinguished American. I hope his family will derive the comfort and the strength to which they are entitled from the thought of the quality and the caliber of his public service.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolution submitted by the Senator from Massachusetts will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 168) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. CHARLES L. GIFFORD, late a Representative from the State of Massachusetts.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. WHITE. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 12 o'clock and 54 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned, the adjournment being, under the order previously entered, until Monday, November 24, 1947, at 12 o'clock meridian.

MONDAY, *November 24, 1947.*

Mr. SALTONSTALL. Mr. President, at the session of the Senate on Thursday of last week, the Senate adopted a resolution regarding the death of Representative GIFFORD, of Massachusetts. The resolution was submitted by my colleague the junior Senator from Massachusetts [Mr. Lodge]. I join with everything my colleague said concerning Mr. GIFFORD, a man whom I had known for a great many years, whose courage and integrity in public service were unquestioned.

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